

# THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

# EDITORIAL PAGE

# Everyday Stories of the Workers and Workers of the Departments

Mr. Nixon may be regarded as sort of a trained nurse for the Tammany tiger.

Courtship by mail will probably be popular with almost everybody outside of the gas companies.

It is quite a while since Mr. Gorman was able to sing "Maryland, My Maryland," with such fervor.

Mexico's predicted revolution has not materialized, but President Diaz will be able to point with pride to yesterday's earthquake.

A large part of the public is now anxiously waiting for Mr. Payne to put two-cent postage stamps on the one-cent bargain counter.

Opponents of the greater Washington scheme should remember the fate of the man who met the locomotive face to face and tried to derail it with his bare hands.

Mr. Perry Belmont will not be pleased because Mr. Bryan has used him as a horrible example in a "Commoner" lecture on the depression of Democracy.

The latest census bulletin shows that everything in New Jersey is expanding. Although no mention is made of the matter, it is supposed that this includes the mosquito industry.

The campaign spirit for the new Washington is expanding. Enthusiasm is breeding. Those who were not particularly interested in the scheme are giving more attention to it in general and detail.

Washingtonians who are possessed of acumen are coming to the conclusion that the struggle for the ideal is more of a practical proposition than they had believed. They are beginning to realize that the consummation of rosy plans will mean material as well as aesthetic benefits. After all, the ideal is but the best form of the practical. The ideal is the utilitarian grown up from the mere "earth earthy."

Now that the citizens have been aroused more or less in support of those great things which are to be in the resplendent future, there is one conspicuous need outside of the continuance of the general agitation. The great need is the concentration of effort. In unity there has been, is, and always will be strength. Individual effort, unless gathered into a harmonious, popular force, never brings about the accomplishment of the unusual.

Washington has all the elements of power for the building of the beautiful. The organization of those elements is not a simple matter, but they can be organized. The problem of the hour is effective concentration.

Pan-American Procrastination. There has been an earthquake in the City of Mexico, and if our colleagues of the lesser republics believe in signs, the seismic disturbance may have a salutary effect. It may be significant that the shocks came when explanations were being made in regard to the filibustering tactics employed by certain Pan-American delegates during the consideration of the arbitration proposal.

A large part of the time of the conference has been monopolized by the Central and South Americans with petty grievances and undignified politics. The opportunity for the perfect expression of grievances has been repeatedly used by the Latin-Americans, with the result that valuable hours have been wasted.

At its beginning, the Pan-American conference attracted almost world-wide attention. Action that would determine many questions bearing upon the future all-American policy was expected, but when the effervescent delegates began to quarrel over the irrelevant and immaterial side issues, international interest practically ceased.

Nevertheless, it is hoped that some good will come out of the deliberations. Incidentally, several great questions have been discussed and somebody must have received some enlightenment therefrom.

A conservative Yankee cannot be made out of a demonstrative South American at a sitting. It will require time to teach our emotional brethren that self-restraint is a good investment.

Americans will hope that, with all the disappointments there have been at Mexico, the adjournment of the conferees will lead to the discovery that something has been accomplished, if only in the direction of education.

Discipline in the American Army. A French officer has been observing the American soldier in China, and has been partly horrified and partly amused at the freedom which he observes in the demeanor of that individual. He says that the American private converses freely with his officer, gives him advice when he feels like it, and does many other eccentric and informal things.

While some of this officer's statements may be exaggerated, there is no doubt that the American soldier is less imbued with the technical spirit of military discipline than a man, this does not make him any the worse soldier. His situation is different from that of the French private soldier, or any other except, perhaps, the English.

The American regular is not made

for play, nor is he paraded for show. Fighting is his business, and he knows it and knows the work. Much of his work when on active service is done under conditions which make it an imperative necessity that he should be in touch with his officer, and this has created a certain informality about their intercourse.

Again, the American army is small compared with the work it has had to do, and where men are precious and must be economized there is apt to be more individual freedom among them than when each is merely a counter in a game of chance.

More than all this, the American soldier possesses initiative, daring, the power to see the reason for an order as well as to obey it. Under a competent officer he does magnificent work; under an incompetent officer, or none at all, he will work nearly as well, because he can see for himself what to do. And all this is good and profitable.

## King Edward's Duty.

Those who are inclined to find fault with King Edward VII because he indulges in all the spectacular display to which his royal position entitles him are almost as vigorously denunciative as though he fiddled while Rome burned.

There is a tendency to forget that, with all his liberality of thought and temperament, cultivated by years of experience in a semi-democratic land, King Edward is the son of a Queen, and that the blood of a long royal line courses through his veins. What may seem to an American to be flummery and to smack of the historical drama is to the monarch of the British Empire a natural performance. It is a part of his education to wear the ermine and receive the bedecked and bejeweled with solemn pomp.

Display is a matter of necessity with royalty. Think of the sensation it would have caused had King Edward opened Parliament clad in conventional garb. The empire would have trembled to its furthestmost limits. Even the democratic colonists would have been speechless with amazement and the rumor would have gone round the busy world that the sovereign of England was a victim of paresis.

King Edward is doing what he is bound to do, and doing it in the way that is most proper when his environment is considered from an unprejudiced point of view.

## PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

There will be a run with the bounds tomorrow near the country home of Mr. Montgomery Blair.

Mr. Maurice Schaefer is recovering from the effects of a bad fall from his wheel some weeks ago. While riding Mr. Schaefer ran into a bit of broken ground which he did not notice in the dusk.

Mrs. Mary Walker Benham has sold her house on the Tenleytown Road and will spend the remainder of the winter with her daughter on Capitol Hill.

Messrs. John and Frank Atkinson will leave tonight for a ducking trip to lower Maryland, near Piney Point. They will be gone about two weeks.

Miss Mary Alice Matthews, of P Street, has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to receive her friends, though she will not be able to make calls this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alden Adams and Mr. Beale Adams have returned from a month's visit to Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Ryan and Mr. T. Carroll Willson were married by Rev. S. F. Ryan at the Immaculate Conception Church, January 15, 1902, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Willson left for Raleigh, N. C., immediately after the ceremony.

Col. and Mrs. T. M. Jones, of Columbia, Tenn., have arrived at the Elbert to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. John Spruce Williamson, the son of Mr. Thomas F. Williamson, will sail for Europe next Wednesday for a three years' musical course in Germany. He will study under an eminent master of the violin.

The Misses Robey and Miss Julia Huntington will spend the remainder of the month with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolson, of New Orleans, are visiting their son, Mr. George Tolson, of B Street southeast.

## The Trolley as Reformer.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

The new Mecca may not be so picturesque as the old, but it is confidently given out that it will be much more beautiful. The trolley line will reduce the chances of outbreaks of pestilence. It will change unsanitary conditions. It will be a blessing to those who worship Mohammed. The conductor with his Watery watch and his neat uniform will be an apostle of reform. Here's good luck to the Mecca and Sinai trolley. May its passengers be many and its dividends big.

## Friendship With Russia.

(Boulder Eagle.)

Unlike the other Powers, Russia has no schemes of aggrandizement that menace the Monroe Doctrine. Her policy of extension has never considered distant colonies, and she gave up the only American territory that she possessed. So long as she is geographically identified with the eastern continent there should be an absence of reason for conflict with a Power that is practically identified with the west. Peace be between us.

## German Securities and Ours.

(Buffalo Express.)

The control by a syndicate of the new German loan of \$15,000,000 marks is announced from Berlin. As the issue is made at a fraction under 90 and the bonds pay 3 per cent interest, the investment would appear to be a good one. These figures bring into strong contrast the strength of American bonds. The new 2 per cent bonds are selling around 109, while the 3 per cent are quoted at 112.

## Peace in Sight—Perhaps.

(Salt Lake Tribune.)

There is some prospect that the South African war will be soon ended, now that the Boers, also, are willing to treat for peace.

## Pretty Actresses of the Day



Miss Julia Hilliard, as Poppy, in "San Toy" at the Columbia.

## THE PLAYER FOLK.

Grace Elliston, who is now playing Bonita in "Arizona," is an artful young woman who likes to be covered into doing anything that lays even an inch or so over the strict boundary lines of her professional duties. When the rehearsals of "Arizona" at the Academy of Music, New York, were begun, Miss Elliston politely, but none the less firmly, declined to mount a horse.

"I will play in Fourteenth Street," she declared, "because my contract provides that I must play wherever Mr. La Shelle elects, but I will not do any equestrian stunts and risk my life." "You are afraid," gently jeered J. W. Copes, who knew Miss Elliston's weak point.

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

"I am not," said Miss Elliston. "I rode horses before many of you did. I have ridden them on the stage, too. I rode one when I was with Charles Dalton that he was afraid to ride."

## ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

### Persecuted Virtue.

"My family," said the daughter with the mild blue eyes and saintly expression, "have no sympathy with my aims. All I want is to do good in the world. I do not care for balls, or theatres, or operas. But papa does not appreciate these motives, I am afraid."

"Oh, yes-I do," said her parent, with a sigh, "I appreciate your motives all right, only if you would confine yourself to balls, and theatres, and so on, instead of philanthropy, it would be a lot easier on my pocketbook."

### Quite Different.

"I flatter myself," said the rubicund worthy in the shiny coat, "that I am rather a judge of humor."

"Oh, no," said the neighborhood cynic, a trifle wearily. "Merely the executioner."

### Rural Economy.

"What in the world is that thing you have for a doorstep," Mr. Rye straw" asked the lady boarder in a puzzled way, bringing her eyeglasses to bear on the thing in question.

"Well," said Uncle Israel, apologetically, "fact is, it's a superstition, but there ain't nobody buried there. Ye see, Alfalfa here was took powerful sick about eight year ago, and when I went arter the doctor I jest stopped in and ordered that there stun, s's to hev it handy. But she got well, and so we thought we'd use it for a doorstep till we needed it. The under side's all fixed 'cep'tin' one date."

### A Fearless Fool.

"What sort of a man is that young millionaire, do you think?"

"Well, from what I have seen of him I should say he was the kind of man who would raise a pet octopus from infancy with perfect confidence in being able to keep the tentacles from coiling around any of the neighbors."

### Misplaced Genius.

There was once a Crusader who had inventive genius, and spent most of his time designing little models of labor-saving machinery. He began this in England and he result was the English rose; he continued it in Malta, and made the Maltese cross; then he went to the Holy Land, and made the sandstorm and the waterspout. Finally he lay down on an oasis and began inventing while he ate his lunch, which consisted of a slice of ham and an ostrich egg, washed down with good spirits. The good spirits brought him a dream of a horseless carriage, wherein man might easily spin over the desert. But when he awakened from his dream his charger had disappeared, together with the saddlebags containing the ham.

"Alas!" quoth the worthy knight, "I now perceive that whereas the horseless carriage is a great invention, a horseless knight is nothing, but an anachronism and liable to be roasted."

And when the sun got up high it heated his armor and fulfilled the prediction.

Moral: It is bad to have a twentieth century head inside a hat of the style 1000 A. D.

### The Up-to-Date Jungle.

The lady bear looked suspiciously at a placard which appeared on the large lion-pine.

"I wish I knew," said she, "just what kind of a slaughter she is going on behind that fence corner. It sounds alluring, and yet—"

Just then a squeal from the locality in question made plain the fact that it contained a trap.

"Ah," said the lady bear in a hushed tone of voice, "it was only a sell, after all, and not a sale."

## UNDER THE CAPITOL DOME

born within a few years of each other. Senator Pettus heads the list. He was born in 1821, and his colleague, Mr. Morgan, in 1824. Senators Hawley, Hoar, and Bates first saw the light of day in 1826; Senators Platt of Connecticut and Stewart of New York were born in 1827, and Senators Cullum and Allison came two years later—1829. The youngest Senator is Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas. He was born in 1863. The oldest member in the House of Representatives is Salubus A. Grow of Pennsylvania. He is in his seventy-ninth year, and the youngest member is John J. Feely of Illinois, having been born in 1872.

Representative Richard Gibson enjoys the distinction of holding the record for the highest number of bills introduced in the House during the session, by any member. He already has several hundred to his credit and before the adjournment he will have many more. About 98 per cent of these are pension bills, and it should be said, too, that nearly all of these receive the favorable action of Congress.

Mr. Gibson comes from one of the East Tennessee districts where the people remained very loyal to the Union cause during the civil war and contributed to the federal army many hardy soldiers, and through the activity of their Representative in Congress nearly every man of them has received a pension. Mr. Gibson is the uncompromising friend of the old soldier and his voice is ever raised in behalf of the man who bore arms for his country. He was but a youngster himself when the war broke out, and his size prevented him from shouldering a gun and fighting, but he served in the commissary department of the Union army. He had a brother, however, who served on the other side.

No member of the House Committee on Insular Affairs takes more interest in the consideration of the bill to provide for a territorial form of government for the Philippines than Representative Patterson of Tennessee. The committee is holding daily sessions with the view of having the bill perfected so that it can be reported to the House by the latter part of the month. Mr. Patterson, who ranks with the best lawyers in Congress, is giving much time and study to questions relating to the Philippines, and when the bill comes up for consideration in the House he will be heard on the subject.

There are nine members of the Senate who were born in the twenties of the last century, and all except one of them have seen long service in that great legislative body. Singular as it may seem, the eldest of the nine—Senator Pettus—is just serving his first term. All of the nine are men of national reputation and wield a powerful influence, indeed they get most everything they ask at the hands of the Senate. The immortal nine, as they have been called, were

Two of the most popular of the assistant chiefs on the night force at the Census Office are Messrs. Jacob A. Davis, from the Keystone State, and Charles Becker, of Wisconsin. Mr. Becker and Mr. Davis have been running mates ever since the night work began at the Census Office. Together they have charge of section 31, and they some way have the gift of getting the greatest possible amount of work out of the men under their hands with the least possible amount of friction. Mr. Davis, or "Jaky," as he is affectionately designated, is a great devotee of all the out-door sports. He is a well-known, a football enthusiast, and can give you the pedigree and great races of every horse on the circuit, and the history of every important battle that ever took place in the rope arena. In brief, everyone who knows Mr. Becker and Mr. Davis agree that they are a pair of very competent clerks, and jolly good fellows.

Capt. John Church, chief clerk of the publication division of the Weather Bureau, is one of the oldest, most popular and efficient of the servants of Uncle Sam. His duties are manifold, and occasionally nerve racking, yet he discharges them with a serene and unflinching good humor that is beautiful to behold. Captain Church has a son, who has been recently graduated from Annapolis.

About 8 o'clock every morning there gathers in a quiet corner of the great court of the Pension Building a group of ten men who have formed themselves into a short story club. All of the members are either natives of Indiana or at one time have resided within the borders of the Hoosier State—in fact this is one of the necessary qualifications to membership. In the department of natural history, especially that section devoted to reptilian life, Mr. John R. Weathers excels, while in all matters that pertain to piscatorial pursuits Mr. Thomas B. Per is an acknowledged authority. Mr. Lincoln Fitzgerald, who hails from the dark, rich lands of southern Illinois, known as "Egypt," is a famous raconteur of the agricultural wealth of that land of plenty. The other members, Mr. Joshua T. Wilson, Capt. Joseph E. Hart, Col. Samuel E. Kirk, Mr. Charles E. Newcome, Mr. Jeremiah H. Hannan, Captain Everett Singletary, and Mr. Erasmus N. Hughes, are all specialists in some line, and are ever ready with a good story when called upon.

Miss Caledonia McGill, of the Sixth Auditor's Office, has met and known more public men of note than has been the fortune of most Government clerks. A native of Florida she early became an interested student of the various political changes in that State, and by numerous contributions to the press soon won the notice of the statesmen of the "Land of Flowers." Coming to Washington she accepted a position in the Pension Office, and in the department of natural history, especially that section devoted to reptilian life, Mr. John R. Weathers excels, while in all matters that pertain to piscatorial pursuits Mr. Thomas B. Per is an acknowledged authority. Mr. Lincoln Fitzgerald, who hails from the dark, rich lands of southern Illinois, known as "Egypt," is a famous raconteur of the agricultural wealth of that land of plenty. The other members, Mr. Joshua T. Wilson, Capt. Joseph E. Hart, Col. Samuel E. Kirk, Mr. Charles E. Newcome, Mr. Jeremiah H. Hannan, Captain Everett Singletary, and Mr. Erasmus N. Hughes, are all specialists in some line, and are ever ready with a good story when called upon.

One of the handy helpers in the office of the District Disbursing Officer is Mills Dean, who bears the modest title of clerk. Mr. Dean busies himself making up the monthly pay rolls, assisting at paying the hundreds of employees twice each month, and in keeping the accounts of the office. Mr. Dean possibly knows more people in the municipal service than any other man, owing to his frequent personal contact with the clerks, and his uniform courtesy is held in high esteem by those who make calls upon his time.

Captain Strong, a clerk in the War Department, is the son of General Strong, who was killed with Colonel Shaw in the battle of Fort Mifflin, S. C., in 1862. The captain himself was long an officer in the regulars, until terribly injured while rescuing a number of persons from death on a burning vessel in New York Harbor, for which he received honorable mention, but was compelled to retire from active service. He is especially well known on the river, where he knew his honored father in the old army.

Major Miles, a clerk in the Treasury Department, comes of a distinguished family. A cousin of General Miles, Colonel Miles, was killed at Harper's Ferry, in the moment of surrender to Stonewall Jackson in 1862. Major Miles, on the maternal side, was the gallant Mulligan, who was killed in the battle of Winchester, in 1864. Major Miles is a most capable and efficient man, and a gallant soldier from Illinois, and with Logan from start to finish.

James M. Datzell, a clerk in the Treasury, has had quite an unusual experience there—having been a clerk there for two years just after the war, and then, again, after practicing law in Ohio thirty years, becoming a clerk once more. Since returning in 1898 he was two years and a half in the War Department, six months ago having been transferred to the Treasury. He is probably personally known to many G. A. R. comrades than any other man in the country and is now on the national committee of the organization. He is a finished scholar, a good speaker, and a well known figure in the department. While his friends complain about the shabby treatment he has received from the politicians, Mr. Datzell himself endures it patiently and often quotes "All good things come to him who waits—long enough!" and then laughs.

The youngest man in the District Fire Department to carry the responsibilities of Foreman is P. D. Martin, of Engine Company No. 2, located on U Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets northwest. Mr. Martin was assigned to No. 2, after the company was somewhat divided by internal trouble, and by his firm discipline and general interest in the work of the organization has brought it up to a high state of efficiency. Mr. Martin is a man of strong personality and a thorough master of the art and science of fire fighting. His place in the fire department is well known and he is idolized by his men and while they recognize his leadership they are all proud of his respect and friendship.

It has been frequently said of Mr. George W. F. Hummer, of the Patent Office that during the civil war he must have led a charmed life. Being a native of Virginia and believing in the doctrine of "State rights," which at that time had millions of adherents, he, soon after Virginia adopted the ordinance of secession, cast his lot with the Confederacy and joined the army. Soon after he was assigned to duty at a military camp, but headquarters and when Colonel Hinton became commander of a brigade he took Mr. Hummer with him. He was shot as a courier throughout the war in all except one of the battles in which the command participated and was under heavy fire on numerous occasions, being at Ball's Bluff, Chancellorsville, and many other places. The one exception was at Gettysburg. Here the brigade was in Pickens' division and the order was given to charge. General Pickens started on his horse at the head of his column. Mr. Hummer was nearby also on horseback, and when the charge was begun General Pickens' horse was shot from under him, and he ordered the courier to dismount and let him have the horse. Mr. Hummer was then ordered to dismount and let him have the horse. A few minutes later both General Pickens and the horse were killed. Whether Mr. Hummer would have met with a similar fate had he not surrendered his horse to the general, will of course never be known. It was, however, a fact that, though he was the only man to fight, he escaped without a single wound. After General Hunter became a member of the United States Senate, he secured his former courier a place in the Interior Department, where he was subsequently promoted to his present place.